Bad Blood

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Bad Blood

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Summary

The hero comes to the lair of the antagonist under improbable and murky circumstances. What happens next is...unexpected.

Notes

I'm back with a tale taking place within the universe of the show we all know and love! A couple things, first of all I have no real solid idea where exactly this takes place within the show, so I'll let you (the reader) decide that for yourself based on the information provided. Secondly, this fic is pretty dark and VERY sexual, so read on at your own risk.

"I loved her. I still love her, though I curse her in my sleep, so nearly one are love and hate, the two most powerful and devasting emotions that control man, nations, life."

Edgar Rice Burroughs

Honnouji Academy.

Present Day.

A thick, grey mist roiled around Ryuko as her feet came to rest on the steel platform, her red high heels making contact with an audible *clack*. Three hundred meters above everything else, it was easy for Ryuko to see how Satsuki Kiryuin, student council president of Honnouji Academy, looked down on the rest of them like tadpoles in a vast pond. The view from atop Honnouji Academy tower was decidedly less than spectacular this foggy night, a heavy mist having set down across Tokyo Bay some hours before, shrouding Honnou island in a mist as impenetrable as Ryuko's reasons for being here in the first place.

Senketsu completed his transformation from his flight form, Senketsu Shippu, back to his resting form of a standard seifuku with a noise that could be considered halfway between a sigh and a growl. Ryuko looked down into his solitary eye suspiciously, walking towards the entrance and feeling the transformation complete itself: the long thigh-high stockings and high heels of Senketsu's activated form melting back up her legs to become a pleated skirt, the long-sleeved arms and pointed pauldrons working their way down to cover her upper body once more. Ryuko's red-gloved hand gripped her scissor-blade with conviction as she neared the darkened entryway to the inner sanctum of the tower.

"What's your problem, Senketsu?' Ryuko asked, quirking an eyebrow.

"I have a bad feeling about this, Ryuko. I don't trust her." Senketsu replied, voice low and menacing as it vibrated Ryuko's very bones.

"Don't be such a baby. If she wanted to fight, she would've done it in a much more public way. Something tells me this is something else..." Ryuko trailed off, entering the darkness of the tower's interior. Noticing Senketsu's eye narrowing even further, she patted the material over her chest reassuringly.

"Don't worry. I only trust her about as far as I can throw her. And that ain't far, by the way-"

"Ryuko. It's here. I can feel it." Senketsu interrupted, growling guttorally as Ryuko felt the sentient uniform tighten around her slightly.

"What is?" Ryuko asked, a sense of overpowering foreboding creeping into her chest.

"That...thing. The *other* uniform. The beast." Senketsu growled disdainfully, shivering slightly around Ryuko's frame. Ryuko wished he would use more plain language, but at the end of the day Senketsu simply wasn't human (or anything like it). She knew what he was talking about anyways, even if she wished she didn't.

"Junketsu..." Ryuko whispered.

"Ryuko Matoi." A booming, husky voice echoed out in the darkness, as if heralding the doom of what little world Ryuko continued to inhabit. She clenched her teeth instincively at the sound.

"Satsuki Kiryuin. I'm here, what do you want?" Ryuko hollered back, her voice decidedly less resonant despite being no less quiet. Ryuko peered around the space, clearly designed for Satsuki and her elite four, trying to spy any sign of a trap or subterfuge.

A large pink and red pillow, covered almost completely in assorted stuffed animals, sat nearest to Ryuko in front of a long velvet-upholstered couch. Along an inset wall to the left, several computer banks sat inactive giving off a pale blue glow. A grande piano sat unused and covered off to Ryuko's right, its length extending into obscurity into the darkness. Directly in front and at the far wall there sat a raised platform in front of a large window, upon which sat a high-backed chair with its back to her.

"I am glad to see you heeded my invitation." Satsuki's voice intoned, once again booming out through the darkened chamber as if coming from everywhere at once. Ryuko scoffed.

"As if I could. You delivered it like a goddamn death threat." Ryuko spat, the point of the scissor blade clanking on the floor as she set it down, one arm leaning on the hilt nonchalantly.

Ryuko's statement was anything but an exaggeration. It had been around dinnertime the previous night, and the Mankanshoku family had sat down to dinner with Ryuko as always when an archery arrow had come whipping through the open living room window, sticking in the dinner table menacingly with a sharp *twang*. Ryuko had eyed the message attached suspiciously, the characters within printed perfectly and meticulously:

Ryuko Matoi-

Come to Honnouji Academy tower tomorrow night after sundown. Tell no one of this.

Satsuki Kiryuin

Student Council President

A loud *chunk* shook Ryuko from her reverie as light flooded the raised area in front of the window. Ryuko's clenched teeth morphed into a full-on grimace as she took in the tall girl standing there, lifting her scissor blade from the ground in anticipation.

Above her, if only slightly, stood Satsuki Kiryuin. She was wearing Junketsu, its horrid red irises staring into her soul. She stood in the pose that she was known so well for: upright, back ramrod straight with both her hands placed firmly against the hilt of Bakuzan, the powerful katana balancing against the floor in front of her. Satsuki smirked as their eyes met for the first time, Ryuko's breathing catching a bit. Ryuko hated looking at her, because while she was such an obvious subject of malcontent and adversarial rage for the younger girl, she was also intensely and startlingly beautiful.

"I have to admit, I'm a bit surprised you're even here, Matoi. You don't exactly have the best track record on responding to authority." Satsuki said, her smooth voice washing over Ryuko as she descended from the raised dais and walked slowly towards the seething transfer student.

"What the hell do you want, Kiryuin?" Ryuko asked through clenched teeth, her anger barely concealed. Satsuki simply snorted in response as she neared Ryuko, walking slow circles around her, appraising her.

"Simply to talk, Matoi. This needless conflict has gone on long enough, don't you agree?" Satsuki asked. This time it was Ryuko's turn to snort, simply staring daggers back at the student council president, answerless. Ryuko gulped as she lost control of her eyes absentmindedly, briefly taking in the exposed region of skin between the end of Junketsu's skirt and the beginning of its stockings. The milky white skin there was porcelain-smooth, drawn taut over thick thigh muscles that stretched to and fro as Satsuki strutted.

Ryuko quickly shook her head, attempting to snap out of it, but it was too late. Meeting Satsuki's eyes again, her heart beat faster as the icy blue orbs owned by the opposing girl stared back into hers with an almost childlike joviality. A small smile played across her shapely lips.

"You know, Matoi..." Satsuki said, coming to rest in front of Ryuko, just a *little* too close for comfort.

"I'm afraid I know perilously little about you. Why don't you start off by telling me about...hm...your father-" Satsuki began. She was cut off by her own grunt as Ryuko flew at her, driving an arm up under her chin and throwing Satsuki into the nearest wall with all her weight. Ryuko's sharp teeth were bared in a hateful grimace as her burning eyes bore holes in Satsuki's.

"What the *fuck* do *you* know about my father?" Ryuko spat, small flecks of saliva flying from in between her bared teeth and landing on Satsuki's face. The older girl's smirk never faltered, and her eyes narrowed.

"Why don't *you* tell *me,* Matoi..." Satsuki drawled menacingly.

Ryuko was furious but also completely taken aback. For while Satsuki spoke at her menacingly, Ryuko felt a hand firmly cup her backside under Senketsu's skirt. Breaking the deadly embrace, Ryuko stared up into Satsuki's smirking face, confused. Then, with but a split-second's thought, Ryuko drew back her gloved fist and drove it into Satsuki's face, not with enough force to break any bones but with enough force to leave her reeling, head hanging low as her long black hair spilled down forward over her shoulders.

Rubbing her knuckles angrily, Ryuko stared at Satsuki, who hunched over before drawing herself to her full height once again, a small trickle of blood emanating from a corner of her mouth. Ryuko watched, an unknown heat gathering in her chest, as Satsuki's smile grew, her tongue flicking out of her mouth to lick away the blood drawn by Ryuko's attack. Ryuko gulped again, watching the tongue work against Satsuki's small wound unabashedly and unashamedly.

Ryuko's mind and stomach lurched as her and Satsuki slammed their bodies against one another, mouths furiously battling as if fighting for air. It became clear from the start that Ryuko was woefully inexperienced in such matters in the face of Satsuki, but the older girl soon had a firm hold of Ryuko's chin in one hand and was guiding her tongue with hers, taking control as she did in so many other situations.

Ryuko's mind was blank, her hand running over the exposed skin of Satsuki's thigh before working its way further into Junketsu's folds, fondling her shapely hip before the white uniform seemed to tighten around her hand, preventing her further assault. Withdrawing slightly, Satsuki's breathing increased in frequency as a muffled voice rattled from the front of Ryuko's chest, a voice that only she could hear.

"Ryuko...Ryuko! What are you doing?" Senketsu implored, confusion and exasperation clear in his voice.

"Mph...s-shut up, Senketsu." Ryuko said quietly between pants. Satsuki snorted and raised an eyebrow.

"Talking to your kamui again? Pathetic." She said condescendingly, Ryuko gritting her teeth and staring defiantly back up at her.

"*You* shut the fuck up too." Ryuko spat, before covering Satsuki's mouth with hers again.

"R-Ryuko? Is this girl not your enemy?!" Senketsu stuttered.

"I said SHUT UP!" Ryuko screamed, wrenching the uniform top up and over her head, removing the skirt before throwing the pieces violently on the nearest couch, the kamui laying in a sad pile. Ryuko stared down at it, pointing angrily.

"Not another word out of you!" She seethed, now only clad in her high-top white shoes and plain striped bra and panties. Blushing, Ryuko returned her gaze to her rival, who was having a battle of her own.

Junketsu had also been removed, albeit with much more fight. The uniform was squirming and growling in Satsuki's hands, now only clad in her own white pair of high heels and an even more plain white bra and panties. Skillfully, as if an act practiced many times before, Satsuki quickly drew Bakuzan from its scabbard and pierced Junketsu to the concrete wall, with such force that the blade traveled inward almost halfway up to its hilt. Ryuko cocked an eyebrow as Satsuki turned, placing her hands on her shapely hips and staring down at Ryuko once more.

"So, are we going to continue or will you simply gawk like a drooling idiot?" Satsuki said, her voice deep and husky.

Ryuko frowned deeply. Despite the fact that she clearly hated the student council president, she liked this. Not only did she like it, she *needed* it. It was a startling realization. Not startling enough to stop her, however.

Ryuko lunged once again at Satsuki, their hateful eyes never leaving each other's until their faces were as close as two magnets, drawn to each other by the inexorable forces of hatred and mutual attraction. Satsuki effortlessly removed Ryuko from the ground, Ryuko wrapping her powerful legs around the older girl's waist as Satsuki slammed her against the wall, the chill of the concrete against her back causing her to draw a sharp breath against Satsuki's sneering mouth.

Ryuko unclasped Satsuki's bra deftly with one hand as the student council president bit and sucked at her exposed neck, Ryuko pawing aggressively at the older girl's shapely breasts. Eyes blown wide by the feeling of a hand upon her nether regions, Ryuko delivered a devastating jab to Satsuki's taut stomach, causing her to grunt, double over and drop Ryuko's suspended body onto the floor. Dazed but satisfied, Ryuko looked up into Satsuki's sharp blue eyes with hateful joviality, as if daring her to dispute Ryuko's actions.

"Don't...*fuck* with me...Matoi..." Satsuki said between pants, cradling her stomach before drawing herself back up to her full height.

"You're gonna have to work harder than that, bitch." Ryuko hummed.

She then let out a mischievous giggle, completely throwing herself into her expected role, before springing from the ground. She threw her body into Satsuki's, using her weight to tackle and carry the older girl into a laying position onto the long velvet couch. They were both panting, Satsuki more heavily as Ryuko's hands and mouth instantly began to work on Satsuki's breasts in equal measure.

Exploring, powerful hands aggressively groped at Ryuko's backside, planting angered slaps now and again that left angry red welts, making the young vagabond growl and squirm. As if not enough of an insult, however, Satsuki then instantly unclasped Ryuko's bra, throwing her 180 degrees around, reversing positions exactly. Satsuki began her assault, working ministrations on Ryuko's breasts altogether more aggressive and dominant than Ryuko's had been. When Ryuko attempted to bury a hand in Satsuki's long hair, her wrist was seized and pinned down to the couch above her head by Satsuki's powerful hand, Satsuki continuing to work as her blue eyes stared up into Ryuko's. Ryuko's heart beat faster and her core radiated heat at the sight.

A hand once again maneuvered itself down between Ryuko's legs, toying with the warmth there through her striped panties. Ryuko drew in a sharp breath, her cheeks growing redder above the grimace plastered over her mouth. Satsuki's eyes narrowed towards her.

"May I, without fear of attack this time?" Satsuki purred, twirling her finger in ever more tantalizing patterns down below.

"Just...hurry up and *fuck* me, jesus..." Ryuko managed between sharp breaths, hearing Satsuki snort with amusement as she kissed and licked her way down Ryuko's stomach.

Ryuko's pupils dilated and her back arched, grabbing hold of one of her own breasts in an attempt find something, anything solid that would keep her from falling off the Earth. Returning to her own mind after a brief trip to outer space, Ryuko found that her mouth had taken on a life of its own, spewing forth moans and curses that altogether destroyed her image as the "crazy bitch from Kanto". Satsuki, face buried between her legs, looked up at Ryuko as she worked with a mixture of joviality and knowing in her eyes. They both knew she had Ryuko completely under her control, but Ryuko didn't care. Ryuko would have fought it if Satsuki weren't so *good*.

Satsuki plunged a finger, then two into her as she continued to work, Ryuko's breaths becoming thinner and more ragged as they both worked to the inevitable conclusion. A heat began building inside Ryuko, something whose intensity she had never felt before until now. She knew what inevitably would happen, but she wasn't sure she was ready to be seen in such a wretched state before this particular woman.

Just as Ryuko was about to crash over the edge, hand to her mouth as if it would somehow stifle her intense cries, Satsuki withdrew from her with a cruel smile, letting her work herself back down from her failed climax angrily. Satsuki stood, removing her panties and placing her hands on her bare hips, smirking down at Ryuko with an air of superiority that would have made Ryuko break if she wasn't already a panting, sweaty mess pooled on the couch.

"You don't think I would let you come without first having my fill, do you?" Satsuki said, her voice once again echoing around the large chamber effortlessly. Ryuko continued to pant on the couch, her lower regions aching for more.

"Huh...huh...fuck...you..." Ryuko managed, eyes growing wider as Satsuki strutted closer, swinging a leg over Ryuko's face and sitting.

The view, the smell, the taste...all of them were intoxicating. Despite her compromised position, Ryuko soon worked past her fear of submission as she realized she now had a chance to make Satsuki squirm. Feeling both of Satsuki's strong hands in her hair, Ryuko began to work her tongue in and out of Satsuki's folds, feeling her shudder as she did so. Ryuko gazed upwards, up Satsuki's taut, muscular stomach and through the canyon formed

by her large breasts to her face, eyes closed and mouth lolling open as breathy moans escaped her shapely mouth.

Soon Ryuko felt Satsuki begin to tense up, recognizing the signs of the coming climax and relishing in the opportunity to deliver the same insult Satsuki had given to her. As Satsuki's deep, husky moans grew in frequency, Ryuko instantly drew her tongue and mouth away from Satsuki, staring up at her defiantly with a smirk played across her features. With surprise, however, Ryuko found that Satsuki stared back down at her with the same look, panting and glistening with sweat though she was.

"I'm glad...huh...you had the same idea...M-Matoi..." Satsuki breathed, swinging her leg back over Ryuko and standing shakily.

"Let's just get this over with, Kiryuin." Ryuko said angrily, biting a finger between her teeth as Satsuki returned to her original position between her legs.

Maneuvering one of Ryuko's muscular legs against her shoulder, Satsuki placed her warmth against Ryuko's, both of them instantly basking in the incredible feeling it provided. Her eyes meeting Ryuko's, Satsuki began to gyrate, both of them building slowly to the inevitable cresendo that was long overdue at the same pace. The large, imposing chamber was filled with the sounds of their combined pleasure: Ryuko's high and punctuated, Satsuki's low and velvety.

An intense warmth threatened to burst inside Ryuko, and she knew the same feeling was shared by the girl hovering over her. With a snap and a dilation of pupils, both of them were pushed over the edge simultaneously, Ryuko practically screaming into the back of her hand while Satsuki shuddered and moaned, her upper body hanging backwards as her long hair spilled down her back like a dark waterfall. It was intense, much more intense than anything Ryuko had done herself, and she languished, slick with sweat as concentric waves of pleasure rolled through the both of them.

When it was over, Ryuko was barely aware of herself or her surroundings. She felt Satsuki move froward once again to place her weight against Ryuko, the two of them sharing a long, drawn-out and somewhat sloppy kiss, before Satsuki rolled off of her and stalked away into the darkness, leaving Ryuko to place a bare arm on her forehead and promptly pass out.

Hours later Ryuko awoke with a start, groaning audibly as she felt just how sore her entire body was. Sitting up painfully, she realized that the entire chamber around her was dark, save for a single spotlight illuminating the spot she now rested in on the couch. On a table nearby sat Senketsu, folded neatly, next to which sat a note with the same perfect printed characters Ryuko had seen days before. Ryuko picked it up gingerly.

Ryuko Matoi-

I believe it is apparent that we have reached an understanding. If you wish to continue this truce further and know more about the cirumstances which have brought us together, return to Honnouji Academy tower tomorrow night as you did today. I will tell you everything.

For now, I have instructed the club presidents and my elite four not to attack you.

Satsuki Kiryuin

Student Council President

Ryuko placed the note back down on the table, a sinking feeling permeating her entire body. Had she given in too easily? Was this actually a defeat and not a truce? The questions twirled around her mind as she looked over to Senketsu, her supposed "best friend" whom she had so willingly cast off in favor of corporeal pleasure. As his solitary eye swung around to appraise her questioningly from his folded position on the table, Ryuko looked away.

She placed her head into her hands and sighed.

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